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Hannibal is one of the colossal figures of ancient History; he towers above his contempories in statesmanship, military art and patriotism as Homer in poetry. Never has any man under similar circumstances achieved so much, and yet left no lasting monument of his fame to posterity. Caesars monument endured, through various vicissitudes of fortune, fourteen centuries. Homer's work comes down to us from prehistoric times, still fresh and inspiring. But Hannibals memory is destined to fade; his vast distance in time from us has already dimmed the luster of his glory, his singular and unique fame of having been the sole and solitary man to make Rome tremble, and that too for nearly twenty years. And out of this fear arose that singular and mournful spectacle of a mighty

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~~a~~ victorious nation hounding a lonely, exiled old man through all his wanderings, until at last the unpardonable crime of making Rome afraid was expiated by death. Yet he has lived only in history: nay, not only in history, for such was the ~~t~~terror with which he thrilled the minds of the haughty Romans that, even in after years, the mere mention of his name availed to terrify children into obedience, just as now the threat of a goblin or, in some places, of a gypsy subdues even the most obstinate.

Hannibal is interesting to us not only on account of his military glory [Landstalksmanship] but also on account of his patriotism, ~~the~~ inherent nobility of his character. His patriotism is the key that unlocks the mystery of his life; it was the motive governing his whole conduct even up to his death. Nothing but sublime self-

self devotion could have impelled a high spirited soldier to suffer such insult and injury at the hands of a base and rotten government actuated by blind indolence and senseless envy; and, worst of all, such neglect from those whom he loved and yearned to save from impending ruin, as he suffered. Such patriotism is magnificent; it is renowned for it's depth and intensity - it's power as a motive on the one hand, and it's long continuance, even after all grounds of hope had proved false, on the other.

Ah, Carthage, it was your crime, that, when your savior came to you, holding out the prospect of victory over that foe, whom you well knew to be thirsting after your life; — that you too, as did your eastern kindred, rejected him and left him to strive alone. Bitterly did you too repent your choice, when you saw the serried legions invade your coasts

coasts; when, after an ignominious peace, you beheld in utter helplessness your former barbarian subjects rise up and despoil you; and when finally your survivors stood by and looked upon their smoking homes and saw proud Carthage, Queen of Africa, sink to rise no more. Alas, you felt the poet's words

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries."

After refusing him aid throughout the war, this miserable oligarchy, whose folly and envy had ruined the state, crowned its colossal monument of unparalleled baseness, by instituting a criminal process against Hannibal, charging him, forsooth, with "abstaining from capturing Rome" and the embezzlement of the Italian spoil.

At the close of the war he directed his energies to the internal

ternal affairs of the state. When exiled he wandered about from court to court of the eastern monarchs hoping for an opportunity to restore Carthage. Never, in all his wanderings, was this grand purpose to which he had dedicated his whole life, absent from his thoughts.

Few men have been so persistently and systematically maligned as Hannibal. Rome, unable to conquer him, not content with hunting him to death, was mean enough to misrepresent and falsify his character through her writers. In the final destruction of Carthage all the Carthaginian writings perished, except a treatise on agriculture which was designedly saved, so that the Romans were all the more able to effect their foul purpose. This contemptible project is most conspicuous in their attempt to make out, that the Hannibalic war was undertaken against the will of the

the Carthaginian government and solely to gratify a morbid thirst for revenge on the part of Hannibal. This charge is founded on the story of his famous oath — swearing eternal hatred of Rome. If this charge were true, all our claims regarding his patriotism would vanish into the air. But a consideration of the facts will reveal the falsity of it in both parts. The oath itself amounted to nothing more than a solemn promise never to allow anything to divert his mind from the one sublime purpose namely to defend Carthage.

The personal reminiscences of Hannibal are scant, very little is known of his character. But we may perhaps infer from his public life that he was not inferior in the private relations of life. He was brought up in the camp and in war, Livy tells us, he could endure hunger and thirst, heat and

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cold, fatigue and privation with equal fortitude; that he would take his rest whenever and wherever leisure overtook him; oftentimes sleeping on the ground wrapped in his military cloak; he excelled in horsemanship, was the first to enter battle and the last to leave the field

Hannibal was one of the few great generals the world has produced. With all the countless wars recorded in history, the man who occupy the front rank in generalship are so few as to be readily enumerated on one's fingers. Fewer still are they who have united within themselves marvelous military genius together with statesmanship of the highest order. Hannibal is of this "inner consistory" of genius. He has been excelled neither as a general nor as a statesman. The plan of Italian war would

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make any statesman immortal, the execution of the military part of it is the base of his own fame as a warrior. This plan claims our admiration for comprehensiveness, clearness of perception as to the political situation in Italy, the conditions necessary to success, the results of failure, and the foe. It proposed nothing less than the subjugation of Rome; in place of a Roman world, a Carthaginian world; in place of western civilization, eastern. The political condition of Italy was as follows. Italy was inhabited by five principal nationalities, at that time, for the most part recently united under Roman rule. These were the Latins, who included the Romans; on the Western coast; the Etruscans north of them; the Sabellian tribes in central and southern Italy; the Greeks on the southern

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and western coasts; and the Gallic and Celtic barbarians in north Italy. Except the barbarians these were subject to Rome. Rome had already begun to encroach upon the territories of the latter. On the east coast of the Adriatic, in Greece, the Romans had already appeared.

Now Hannibal conceived a grand coalition of Carthage, the Italian subjects, Macedonia and the barbarians against Rome. There is no doubt that such a coalition would have succeeded. A universal revolt of the Italian subjects alone would have proved fatal. The barbarians were eager for war, of them he could be sure. He concluded an alliance with Philip of Macedon; he assumed that when the Italians saw him in Italy, anew, they would revolt and make a bold stroke for liberty. He

Ramsey

himself was to invade Italy and join to himself the barbarians; Philip was to attack the east coast of Italy. It was not unreasonable to expect that the Italians would revolt; because they had recently been conquered: but this calculation proved false. Roman rule had not yet become oppressive; the subjects feared Roman power and distrusted the Carthaginians. Philip was slow; his attack was never made. Still even without Philip and the Italians, had the Carthaginian government properly supported Hannibal, his plan would have succeeded; but they replied to his urgent appeals for aid, that he was getting on very well without them. Thus abandoned on every hand by those alone able to supply suitable aid; it was no disgrace to fail.

As a general Hannibal was

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a great strategist. Fighting far from his base of supplies; without any support from his government, usually against superior numbers; always against vastly superior resources: one overwhelming defeat would have been fatal. Rome endured three such defeats without their diminishing the extent of her armies; although they shook the state to its deepest foundations. His campaigns were conducted with Napoleonic rapidity; and covered all Italy in extent. His judgement was quick and accurate; he was full of resources and prompt to act. He was equally powerfull in offensive and defensive warfare. The fact, that the blunders of the Roman senate contributed largely to his success, does not diminish in the least the luster of his glory; for the most that their ablest generals could

could accomplish was to escape defeat by refusing to give battle — except of course Zama.

The military part of his plan was to strike a rapid succession of telling blows, in parts of Italy so remote from each other, as to dazzle and confound the Romans; to devastate the fields of all who remained Roman; and thus to weaken the bond of alliance which was founded on the principle that Roman failure to defend the allies released them from their obligations. It was his intention to attack Rome upon breaking up the alliance — Rome the capital and heart of Roman power. We have space to mention only two or three of his military exploits. His most startling feat was the march from Spain to Italy, over the Alps. The passage of the Alps has never been surpassed, both as regards the natural difficulties overcome,

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and the dreadful sufferings endured — Cold, hunger, some savage despondency, the attacks of tribes and treachery of others, the danger and uncertainty as to the final outcome; all contributed to augment the sum total of sufferings. Only the matchless skill and tact of the general saved the despairing army from destruction. Fearful was the cost, out of that that splendid hopeful army of 57000 men which departed from Spain only 26000 exhausted, almost dispirited men reached Italy. Whatever may be the judgment of military critics as regards the wisdom of the undertaking, "the cautious and masterly execution of the plan in its details at any rate, deserves our admiration."

The battle of the Trasimene lake exhibits Hannibals skill as a strategist. He entrapped and utterly annihilated a Roman army of 30000 men. Among

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the slain was the general himself- Flaminius; Hannibal caused his body to be sought out and buried ~~it~~ with military honors. It cannot be said of Hannibal ~~that~~ he ever dishonored the remains of a slain opponent. The Romans ill repaid his generosity, when they defeated and slew his brother Hasdrubal, by rolling the bloody head into his camp, the hideous messenger of defeat. The battle of Cannae was his greatest victory. With an army of 50000 men he inflicted a frightful disaster upon a Roman army of 86000, and that too purely through skill in handling his men. 70000 Romans were killed and 10000 captured; his own loss was scarcely 6000. It would seem as if such a crushing defeat would of annihilated the Roman Symmachy - ~~or~~ offensive and defensive alliance; some

some few of the southern subjects did, in fact, desert to Hannibal; but in the main the Italians stood firm. This victory, by thus revealing the magnificent stability of Rome, showed Hannibal how utterly hopeless his enterprise was. Shortly afterward he was obliged to take the defensive for the sake of affording protection to his newly acquired Italian allies.

The war in Italy lasted 13 years longer; it was purely a defensive war — no important battles were fought. Yet Hannibal maintained his hold in the face of increasing difficulties and fading hopes. Wherever he would, the Romans followed him but were afraid to fight a pitched battle: they confined their efforts to watching him and cutting off detachments. In 203 Scipio's invasion of Africa compelled Hannibal to aban-

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don Italy in order to defend Carthage. Finally on the plains of Zama he met his first defeat and the final overthrow of his magnificent plans.

In the discussion of Hannibals plan of the war we were obliged to anticipate that part of our subject which concerns his statesmanship. The achievements of a statesman while of equal importance with the campaigns of a general, attract the attention of economists and philosophers more than of other persons. Hannibal achieved a double reform in Carthaginian affairs which alone would entitle him to the statesman's laurel. One was an administrative reform in the finances; by introducing wiser and purer methods of administration; by collecting arrearages and embezzled money, and finally by

by enforcing taxes that had been suffered illegally to lapse; he so far restored prosperity that the Roman tribute could be paid without levying additional taxes. The criminal indictment alluded to above failed as was just; but it also made it possible for Him at the head of the patriot party to overthrow the oligarchy and establish a republic. Both of these were splendid achievements and under H's leadership Carthage would have prospered. But Roman jealousy and fear the latter increased by the treasonable denunciation of Him as a public enemy planning a second Hannibalic war, by the deposed oligarchy could not rest while He lived. A Roman embassy was sent to demand his surrender but he heard of it and saved his country the everlasting reproach

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reproach of having betrayed his greatest man, by flight. During his residence at the Eastern courts he was highly honored as a counsellor. He took part with Antiochus in his Roman war and at the conclusion of it fled to Bithynia, where he decided to escape the Romans assassins sent to murder him.

Mommsen "When he was born, Rome was contending with doubtful success for the possession of Sicily; he had lived long enough to see the West wholly subdued, and to fight his own last battle with the Romans against the vessels of his native city which had itself become Roman; and he was constrained at last to remain a mere spectator while Rome overpowered the East as the tempest overpowers the ship that has no one at the helm, and to feel that he alone was the pilot that could

could have weathered the ~~storm~~ storm, there was left to him no hope to be disappointed, when he died; but he had honestly, ~~through~~ through ~~fifty~~ years of ~~[illegible]~~ struggle, kept the oath which he had sworn when a boy.

C. P. Abbey

Our Picnic

A few minutes before old Father Time announced one o'clock on the 17th of July 1886, a train started out of the Northwestern Depot.

We were on board!

That is, we thought we were, but on looking around our surprise was great to find that the President was not there. Not the President of the United States, nor the President of the Northwestern road, for neither of those worthy gentlemen were of the slightest importance to us.

But the President of the Phi Sigma Class, and one of his right-hand men were missing.

Of course as soon as the Conductor found that they were gone, the train was put-

back, and fortunately met them in the station.

Every thing being satisfactorily arranged we at length started on, and no jollier party did that funeral train contain than our baker's dozen.

After an hour's pleasant ride, in spite of some indecision on the part of the engineer, when half way between Rosehill and Calvary, as to which station to go to next, we alighted from the train at the Pimmetha depot.

[warranted to hold 16]

Our commodious conveyance was awaiting us, and by some contriving we managed to put thirteen people into it, the President balancing himself upon a rail across the back of the wagon.

Nevertheless we had a very pleasant ride from the depot to the Lake, ~~[illegible]~~

~~[illegible]~~, even though one gentleman did call some of the ladies "Jussy" because they objected to having the ice washed in the house trough; but some of the gentlemen were still more "Jussy" over a little moisture in the bottom of the wagon, while the ladies never said a word.

The driver had of course forgotten the key to the gate, and so we were obliged to come down from our lofty seats and crawl under a fence.

After a short walk during which one gentleman fell into the water pail, we came to the Lake.

We all know what and where Lake Michigan is; or if we do not almost any map of N. America or the United States could enlighten us, so we will not dwell upon

that subject now, but proceed to the amusements provided for the day.

After duly "ahing" and "ohing" over the roughness, muddiness &c. of the lake, we all became quite interested in a large hole in the ground.

We then took up the task of carrying on a school; but teachers and pupils were alike so dull, that a steady march was kept up, from the head to the foot of the class, until dinner time came.

A pleasant place was found and after mowing the grass with a pair of scissors our table was ready.

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Baskets, boxes and pails were emptied and when the table nasket it was a goodly sight; especially to those who had not broken fast since breakfast. In fact we all seemed to enjoy that-

part of the programme and, strange to relate, there was only one basket of fragments left! And those were mostly knives and forks.

Just before beginning our repast each lady was presented with a little bouquet of flowers by one whom we should be glad not to miss from our next picnic.

After the lunch, some of us picked up the things and some of us sat on the fence.

Then we went to walk.

We didn't go very far for it was almost time to go home; but we went far enough to gather some flowers.

A farewell look at the Lake, a general shouting to absent members, and we were off for the wagon.

That gate had to be crawled undergin!
It was dreadful to have to stoop so low.

"But family pride
must be denied
and set aside
and mortified."

and so we went under.

But the greatest trial to family pride was still to come, for we had to walk a block through the dust.

But we are heroes and heroines in cases of emergency and we did it, and were rewarded by the appearance of the wagon. After the exercise of some agility we managed to get into the wagon, and although there were fourteen of us now, we all packed in, and drove merrily away, even though one gentleman did object to the chocolate.

We found the train waiting for us, and after a private interview between our President and the conductor of the train, we obtained permission to stop at Evanston.

We found the Evanston Lake looking much the same as the Winnetka Lake had done, and the only check to our enjoyment of Evanston was the fact that some person, not being aware of our honesty, had very cruelly put up a barbed wire fence so that we could not go out to the end of the pier.

Just as though we wanted to steal his lumber!

Again, upon our arrival at the Evanston depot, we found a train awaiting us. After comfortably establishing ourselves

in our seats we proceeded to eat our supper entirely unmindful of the frowns cast upon us by the Evanston aristocracy in the car.

In due season we reached the city after having spent a most enjoyable afternoon.

Mary I. Lyman.

Schoharie Valley and its Chief Industry.

To one who has lived long in a level country where nothing but houses and trees obstruct the view, how strange is the sensation upon entering a valley bounded by the grand old forest-clad mountains. The view of their shelving sides rising abruptly all around reminds one of the old Italian painting of St. Benedict exorcising the demons of disease from his native city, where the artist, regardless of perspective, made the city appear as if built on an almost perpendicular wall, so that the roofs and chimneys, from which the imps were scurrying, might be seen to advantage.

It was our pleasure not long since to journey up one of these mountain-bound valleys of New York state. Many things which presented themselves to our gaze seemed strange, but most of all the forests of extremely tall poles through which we passed and which we in our ignorance, supposed to be bean poles. Great were the speculations which arose in our minds as to the probable manner of gathering in the harvest from these over-grown

bean poles. Visions of tall step-ladders with dizzy people perched upon the tops arose in our minds. But an explanation came later. While we wondered, the little train, consisting of only one car and an engine, swept up to the station, almost in the centre of the beautiful, fruitful Schoharie valley.

During a week's visit what endless enjoyments and surprises we found in that valley! In one place we followed a road through the woods and up a gorge down which babbled one of the most romantic looking brooks that ever flowed over a rocky, slaty bed. White birches, leaning over its shady pools, made just such pictures as artists love. A walk up this lane followed by a short tramp through the woods brought us out on a great elevated field of ox eyed daisies and yellow clover, fanned by the breezes fresh from the opposite mountains. Another walk and scramble and we were on the top of the cliff, which from below, much resembles the Palisades of the Hudson. A fine view of the valley was now spread out before us. The fields had the checker-board appearance familiar to mountain climbers, the mead-

ows, vegetable gardens, wood lots and acres of poles before mentioned looking all about the same except in color. The houses could well, by a little imagination have been taken for the tiny wooden villages which we played with in our childhood. The far off railroad train, making its way between the fields, seemed only a toy and the silvery blue river winding through the village reminded us of "the blue sickle of the Charles" made immortal by Longfellow. Toward the other side of the valley rose the apparently solitary mountain called Tromain's Nose. It was a delightful place to sit and drink in the beautiful sights and sounds of nature, with everything unpoetical left far below.

This walk to the cliff was only one of the many delightful excursions, to which that neighborhood invites the visitor. More than one summer vacation it would take to exhaust them all.

But that which most interests the majority of the inhabitants of that valley is not the beautiful scenery but those strange fields of poles and what they bear, for hop-raising is the chief industry of the region. The process of hop-gathering, as described, seemed to us

to have much in it that was interesting and picturesque and if we "tell the tale as 'twas told to us" we hope the members of the Phi Sigma will not find it otherwise.

When the fields are ripe for the harvest a governor for each field is appointed who shall have supreme control in his little territory. Great boxes, each six or seven feet square are made in readiness. These are a foot or so deep and are divided into quarters by partitions running parallel to the sides. Each box is supplied with a ridge pole, some five six feet above it, which is supported by posts at the ends, and on which, in very warm weather, an awning is placed to shade the hop-gatherers while at work. To each box is assigned a box-tender and to each quarter box a picker. These people come from all classes, many of considerable means taking up the work as a pastime and to earn a little pocket money, for, with the box-tender to wait on them and congenial companions in picking, it is by means disagreeable employment. The odor of the hops is very healthful, too, so much so that physicians send patients to the hop-

gatherings to inhale it. Now for the modus operandi. The picker, having armed herself with a pair of stout gloves, and perhaps accompanied by friends who may feel disposed to entertain and help her, makes her way to the hop-field and to the particular box in which she has taken a quarter. The box-tender (let us hope that he is good natured) pulls one of the great poles from the ground and carries it to the box, rests it against the ridge pole. Then all the picker and her friends have to do is to strip the hops from the vines and drop them in. The hop-vines are so rough and prickly that it would be painful to handle them without gloves. When the pole has been picked clean, the box-tender takes it away and brings another. It is to be hoped that the box will not have to be moved to a new position before our friend has filled her quarter, for she will be paid by the box (as each quarter is often called) and such a move would settle down the hops in an alarming manner. When the box is even full, the governor of the field is summoned and if he approves of it, pronouncing

it full and containing "clean hops," that is, free from leaves or stems, it is credited on the books to the picker. Then the hops are packed in a bag and carried off and the process begins again.

This means of earning money is the great reliance of the poor people for that section of New York. Their winter stores are obtained with the money they receive during the hop-harvest.

How like it all seems to the fields of Canaan where Ruth gleaned and the laborers greeted the owner of the field with morning blessings.

What a pity that all this should be done almost entirely to provide intoxicating drinks! Of course some of the hops go for medicine and yeast, but the fact that the hop-raisers look at the papers with eagerness to see what the price of beer is, shows plainly where they expect the greater part of their produce to go.

Gertrude M. Willcox.